

Iron County Register.

By E. D. AKE.

BRANTON, MISSOURI.

BRILLIANT PREACHER'S WIT.

Reaching Repartee and Ready Replies of the Eloquent and Heroic Robert Hall.

Of all the brilliant preachers of modern times no one shone more resplendently in conversation than the eloquent Baptist minister, Robert Hall, says the Saturday Evening Post. It is remarkable that, while in his writings hardly a gleam of wit or humor is to be found, yet in the social circle he was distinguished by his terse and pungent sayings. All his life he was a martyr to an excruciating disease, and his wittiest sayings were uttered when he was writhing with sharp pains. A lady at a friend's house found him so lost in thought that she vainly essayed to engage him in conversation. At length, impatient of his reveries, she said, flippantly, in allusion to a Miss Steel, to whom he was engaged to be married:

"Ah, sir, if we had but polished steel here, we might secure some of your attention; but—"

"Madam," interrupted the now roused preacher, "make yourself quite easy; if you are not polished steel, you are at least polished brass!"

Hall had an intense abhorrence of religious cant, to which he gave expression sometimes in the most scorching terms. A young minister, who was visiting him, spent a day in sighing, ever and anon begging pardon for his suppositions, and saying that he was caused by grief that he had so hard a heart. When the lamentations, which Hall had borne patiently the first day, were resumed at breakfast on the second, he said:

"Why, sir, don't be so cast down; remember the compensating principle, and be thankful and still."

"Compensating principle?" exclaimed the young man, "what can compensate for a hard heart?"

"Why a soft head, to be sure!" replied Hall, who, if rude, had certainly great provocation.

WHAT AMERICAN GIRLS NEED.

Character Formed on Lines of Eternal Truth, Self-Reliance and Graciousness.

What American girls need is a high ideal—shall I say a new ideal?—of womanhood.

To be pretty, to be daintily dressed, to be courted, flattered and coddled is the dream of most girls. The dream must be replaced by determination, energy and effort to be a helpful, hopeful, useful member of society, says Woman's Home Companion.

Womanly beauty and charm will grow of itself when character has been formed on lines of eternal truth, self-reliance and graciousness. Every girl should be helped at home and in school, before she is far in her teens, first to become an expert in all the work which centers in the home and in the care of the wardrobe, and second to study some occupation, trade or profession by which she can earn a comfortable living for herself and those who may be dependent upon her. I put domestic work first because, no matter what her wage-earning occupation may be, or no matter what riches she may seem to have in reality or in prospect, every girl should be practically prepared to be the wife of a poor man. In no other way than by strict training in cooking, laundry-work and general housekeeping, plain sewing and dressmaking, can such preparation be made. This doesn't sound romantic, but it is really dictated by the very heart of romance; namely, belief in marriage for love, and for love alone. "Love in a cottage," in a cabin—nay, in a city tenement, and a flat besides—is a reality; but when a slatternly girl by the fire, when a peevish woman serves burnt fried steak every day, when unkempt children clamor and the window-shades are all away, then poor love flies away and never comes back, and to our helplessness, dreaming girl how hard the reality seems!

HOUSEHOLD BITS.

Odors and Ends of Information About Home Decoration and Finishing.

To clean a fine white lace or chiffon veil, wind it carefully around a piece of broom handle and steam for three-quarters of an hour over a kettle of boiling water. When quite dry remove from the broom handle. The veil will be found stiff and clean.

Beads of all sorts and colors, but especially of cut steel, are used more and more in fine neckwear. A stoled collar, composed of narrow folds of pink satin fagoted together with steel bead work, has pendants of pink satin rosebuds, with steel bead stems.

Autumn leaves, embroidered in natural colors on chiffon and cut out around the edges in realistic fashion, are among the artistic neckwear designs displayed.

Cream broadcloth, laid in horizontal folds about an inch deep, is molded into an elegant blouse for a young girl. The yoke of the blouse in question, which was seen in a store noted for its exclusive designs, is made of straps placed perpendicularly and bound together with fagoting. A row of fagoting ornaments the broad fold that closes the front.

Pillows in plaid silk are a pretty novelty. So are the plaid bonbon boxes, the ultra-smart veils with narrow borders of plaid silk, plaid belts of silk and plaid belts done in enamel.

Bean Pancakes.

Take two cups of string beans, fresh canned; cut into inch lengths; two cups of white beans, two tablespoons of butter, juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, salt to taste. Boil the two kinds of beans tender in separate vessels; drain off the water, put the beans together in a saucepan; add to them the butter, lemon, salt and parsley, stir until thoroughly heated and serve.—Albany Argus.



ST. VALENTINE'S VIOLETS

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH.

THE morning of St. Valentine's day I sent Betty a bunch of violets—big violets, single, and of a color like the sky on a summer night. Violets go well with Betty's eyes.

On the afternoon of that day I happened in about four. It is the hour when one is most likely to find her alone. The library was full of the odor of old flowers and of places where the wild roses in a jar on the table, and there was a cluster of violets in a cup on the mantel. Betty wore another cluster. The flowers in both these were of the double variety, and in color they tended more to the blue. They were well enough in their way, but I do not care especially for that sort myself. The single blossoms that I had hoped to see were nowhere in sight.

Betty welcomed me with a smile which said secrets. When she smiled that way you never can tell whether you are a party to the affair or an outsider.

"You're just in time to make a call with me," she announced.

"That depends where you're going."

"To see a lady to whom you are very much devoted."

"For this why should we leave the house?" said I.

"It's Miss Lyons. She's ill."

Miss Lyons is a lonely old lady of 70, with very white hair and a saint's face. She has known both of us since we were little.

"Am I devoted to her?" I questioned.

"Aren't you?" said Betty, by way of answer. "I somehow thought you were."

"The word is with you," said I, as she got her coat.

"You may hold it," she said.

Although I have also known Betty since she was little, it is only on rare occasions that I am allowed to assist at the coat. I was a little surprised. I wondered what was coming. I was about to ask if the florist had made a mistake about the violets and hadn't sent them; but I changed my mind.

"Just why," I ventured, as I tucked in her sleeves, "just why are favors heaped upon me?"

Betty smiled enigmatically. "Do you like my roses?" she asked.

"Proctor Lee sent them," she said.

"I am of the same mind with Mr. Dobson," said I. "I detest Persian decoration."

"Perhaps you like violets better?" Mr. Brede sent those, and she motioned to the mantel.

"Blue is a cold color," I submitted.

"George Curtin sent these, and she touched the ones she wore."

"They are not of the sort which make your eyes," I declared.

"Have a chocolate," she answered. "I forget who sent them."

I selected a comfit with a pistachio tip, and held it up.

Betty looked at me out of the corner of her eyes, and smiled. I pulled down the corners of my mouth, and her smile fled into laughter.

"I'm ready," she announced; and we went out.

There was just a suggestion, a sense of spring in the air, although the ground was snow-covered. It was a little breath out of the warm south. Betty lifted her face to it, and the color came into her cheeks. We walked nearly a block without speaking.

"After all, valentines are nice," Betty broke out finally.

I nodded.

"They make you feel that you aren't quite forgotten by your friends."

"And if they take the form of chocolates one can eat them," I observed. I still had a taste of the pistachio nut.

"It would be horrible if one had no valentines—and no friends."

"It is a situation that Miss Millard will never know."

"When one gets old," said she, "if people remember one at all it is only on holidays when they can send useful things."

"It is one of the penalties of age," said I.

"As if old people did not need flowers and bonbons!" said Betty.

"There is more virtue in gruel," I hazarded.

"I hate useful things," said Betty.

"We have to put up with them occasionally," said I.

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LATE DRESS DETAILS.

Fads and Fancies of the Fashionables Now Taking the Fashionable Eye.

Reports from Paris show that great latitude characterizes the styles for in and outdoor costumes this winter. In evening dress especially there is marked variety and style, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.

Silks, satins and moires are worn by brides, though the guests at the weddings hardly realize the fact, for they are completely hidden by soft gauzes, overlaid with lace. Classic bands of orange blossom often supersede the chaplet of old days.

The mothers of brides are beginning to adopt more or less of a livery, namely, a thick Irish or guipure overdress, with just a suspicion of gray or some color beneath.

Every month lace dresses gain in weight and importance says a fashion oracle. Lace is worn by every body and no wardrobe of fashionable woman should be without a Louis XIII. collar. They appear to go well with Henry IV. hats. Henry IV.'s reign just preceded Louis XIII.'s, his epoch being from 1589-1610, Louis XIII's from 1610-1643.

Some new and handsome tortoise shell combs and coiffure ornaments are adorned with peacocks fashioned from gold and enamels.

Old fashioned cameos are utilized for belt pins with artistic effects.

Caligornus are returning to fashion, especially when surmounted by an enamel heart or crown. The golden tint of eyes are especially appropriate for wear with brown costumes.

Cymric designs in gold and silver, with a touch of color in them are being applied in England and abroad as pendants for the neck, as brooches, bracelets, even buttons, and their beauty is often enhanced by the introduction of opals, pearls and turquoises.

Velvet strips in black and white or brown and white check effect are used with artistic result as trimming for plain colored wool gowns.

The moonstone adorns some new cuff buttons and sleeve links.

Flower fans are much in favor with debutantes. The mounts are of mother of pearl, ivory or gilt and the fan is composed of violets, tiny rosebuds and other varieties of small artificial blossoms.

There are very pretty necklaces made of three chains of gemmetal strung with large pearls. Gemmetal and gold are also blended in many of the fashionable chains, and coral or crystal and coral.

READY WITH HER REPLY.

Waitress Who Had the Gift of Handling Out Just What Was Wanted.

"The conversational versatility of your American girls astounds me," said the Englishman who was approaching the close of his first month in New York, relates the Mail and Express. "Not only do I find that in society the young women have quickness of perception and readiness of repartee, but I have found that in the downtown restaurants, where girls are employed as waitresses, they are extremely handy with their retorts."

"Been trying to jolly 'em a bit, eh?" said the college graduate, who was finishing off in Uncle Jim's Wall street office.

"Not at all—not at all!" replied the Englishman, hastily. "My observations are based on what I hear them saying to other men. The girls are quite bright, y'know."

"What led you to think them otherwise?" said the American citizen.

"I did not look for the quality of glibness in girls of that class," said the man from London. "In eating places on the other side the waitresses never talk to you, not even after you have been going to the restaurant every day for months. Here in New York it is vastly different. And they seem to know where you are from, too."

"I went to my usual restaurant today. There was a new girl at my table, and the one who usually sits on me was a sort of assistant head waitress. She came over to the girl at my table before I had a chance to tell what I wanted and said:

"Bring the gent a rasher of bacon, two eggs, underdone, a toasted muffin and tea. Is there anything else?" and she looked at me. I said that would be all right, and remarked that the weather was changeable, and what do you think she said?"

"Something equally bright, I suppose," remarked the college man.

The Englishman eyed him a moment. "I wonder if she was poking fun at me?" he said. "Well, she just answered: 'We have so many foreigners in New York we have to have all kinds of weather in our soup.' This is not our day for English weather, but I hope you won't get tired waiting for your turn."

Pressing Board for Ribbons.

A small pressing board is a boon for the woman who is called upon to freshen her ribbons and laces and in order to have it handy and its covering fresh and clean a bag of striped Holland linen is made and trimmed with scarlet braid. On the outside of the bag is a pocket for the iron holder and the bit of wax. The receptacle is just large enough to permit the board to slip in easily and closes with a flap at the top. Strips of tape are attached to each side so that the board may be hung upon a closet door.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Spanish Omelet.

Three green peppers, two large onions, one button garlic, five ripe tomatoes (or one can), one-half teaspoon of salt, paprika to taste. Boil tomatoes 15 minutes. Cut off the top of peppers and remove the seeds, and wash in cold water. Then chop peppers, onions and garlic fine and fry in butter until tender. Add these ingredients to the tomatoes. Then add nine eggs, beaten together. Cook slowly, stirring all the time, until they form a thick white mass. Serve on platter with buttered toast.—Boston Globe.

It Means a Tumble.

An Atholman man who has climbed away up the ladder, is about to lose his head through looking down at a woman.—Atholman.

WILD-HOG KILLINGS.

Annual Event That Is Popular Among the Natives of the Tennessee Mountains.

Every fall along the latter part of November the scattered dwellers in the mountain regions of Tennessee gather together for their annual wild hog killing.

The race of wild hogs found there is supposed to have originated from stock brought into the region by the early settlers. The original swine were permitted to run free in the woods to fatten on the roots, nuts and mast. Some of them wandered away and remained in the woods, and from them has sprung the present race of wild hogs, says the New York Sun.

These hogs show a marked difference in appearance and habits from the original domestic stock. They are tall and slab-sided. Their ears stand erect and are twice as long as those of domestic swine. They have curved tusks which in the boars are often three inches long. Their hair is coarse and wiry. The savageness of the wild hogs is such that the mountain wolves, which are yet plentiful in the region, give them a wide berth.

To this day the people who dwell among those hills depend for their winter supply of meat on wild game, and chiefly on the wild hogs. The hogs are not in fit condition until late in the fall, and then they have grown fat on the mast of the woods, and their flesh is sweet, hard and juicy. They are hunted by parties of half a dozen or more.

The wild hogs travel in droves. They are shy of man and exceedingly wary. When pig-killing parties find signs of a drove the hunters close in on the hogs.

Dogs trained for the purpose open the attack. The hogs will show fight at sight of the dogs and at once retreat to the top of a hill or to a cave. The hogs are not to be killed by the dogs alone. No guns are used in the killing. Each member of the party carries a heavy hickory cudgel and a long-bladed butcher knife.

The rushing in of a party on a drove that the dogs have rounded up usually puts to flight all the hogs that are not held by a dog. These, squealing and snorting and fighting, are pounced upon by the killers, who stun them by blows on the head with the hickory clubs and then cut their throats.

It frequently happens that some overconfident dog is killed before the man with the club gets in his blow and then there is likely to be an ugly fight between that man and the dog. A fight that very often results in the man's serious injury. There are not a few instances on record where a fight such as that has resulted in the death of the man.

Sometimes in a struggle with some particularly determined and vigorous wild hog, the pig-killer has been known to jump astride the hog's back, and holding fast with one hand to the long, stiff bristles on its neck, endeavor to stab the hog in the throat. In one case a man who resorted to these tactics was carried more than a mile through the brush on the hog's back.

None of these wild hog pig-killing is ever ended without the death of one or more dogs, and more or less desperate fights between the men and the hogs. A hog-killing trip frequently covers three or four days before sufficient pork has been secured.

STRENGTH OF PAPER MONEY.

Government Treasury Expert Explains Why Our Banknotes Are So Tough.

"The way some cashiers pay out small bills in exchange for large ones makes other men as tired as it wears me," remarked an observing business man to another Washingtonian as they watched the cashier of a fashionable uptown cafe pull at and strip the ones and twos in exchange for a ten, as though he were pulling a piece of molasses candy over a hook and hated to let go.

"It does," acquiesced his friend, who happened to be a United States treasury expert. "The way some cashiers jerk, snap, and pull at bills as they pay them out is utterly absurd. The old adage about pinching a silver dollar until the eagle screams—piles before the way the up-to-date, flip cashier jerks the long green he handles."

"I will give you a fact that is not generally known, and I doubt if ever published, and that is the weight a new treasury single note, and four notes in a sheet, will sustain without breaking. Director Meredith furnished me with the figures, and they may be accepted as official and accurate."

"A single treasury note measures 5 1/2 inches wide by 7 1/4 inches long and will suspend 41 pounds lengthwise and 91 pounds crosswise. Notes are printed four to a sheet, the latter measuring 8 1/4 inches wide by 13 1/4 long. A sheet will suspend 168 pounds lengthwise and 177 pounds crosswise."

"It will be observed that a single note will sustain crosswise 13 pounds, over double the weight it sustains lengthwise, while in the case of the sheet the crosswise sheet is short 20 pounds of double the sustaining power of the lengthwise sheet."

The cashier had interestingly listened to the treasury expert's explanation of the weight-sustaining and necessarily resisting power of wear and tear of our paper money, and then he said:

"You see, it is this way: Bills stick together, see, and we cashiers have to make up any shortage out of our own pockets, and that's one reason why we snap and jerk the bills so hard, so we will not pay out two for one, as might be done. Again, a \$2 bill is frequently mistaken for a \$5, and vice versa, and by counting out our money as if it were drops of our life blood we are less liable to pass out one for the other."

The two gentlemen paid their account and agreed as they passed out that the cashier's excuses were lame, and that it was a good thing for the rest of the public who handle money that the breaking strength of our treasury notes is so high, or there would be nothing left of them after they had passed through a dozen cashiers' hands."

Imagine This.

Ida—So you belong to an antiswear league. Have you accomplished much good?

May—Yes, indeed. Why, we have persuaded some of the South Water street teamsters to say: "Oh, fudge!" when their teams tangle up.—Chicago Daily News.

In the Suburbs.

The Deacon—And the cook has gone, has she?

The Minister (absently)—Yes; she has had a call from another congregation.—Puck.

Uncle Remus Says:

When a man begins to fidget out dat de world owes him a livin' it's time for other men to git home airly an' see dat de cellar door am safely locked.—Detroit Free Press.

Pardoxical.

Blinks—What would you do if you had a cool million?

Jinks—I should have a hot time—Smart Set.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



BURNING OF WASHINGTON BY THE BRITISH. Find Gen. Winder.

During the second war with England the national capitol at Washington was left practically defenseless. There were but 2,000 troops in the fourth military district, of which the District of Columbia was a part, and these were stationed at widely scattered points. Gen. Winder, commanding the division, urged reinforcements, but they were not forthcoming until it was too late. The British landed on the shores of the Chesapeake bay and marched overland to the capitol, meeting with only such slight opposition as could be offered by Commodore Barney and a small force of bluejackets. The British entered the city on the night of August 14, 1814, and Gen. Ross, the English commander, ordered the torch applied in default of a ransom. Every public building was burned excepting the patent office. None of the civil officials of the government were captured, as all had fled at the approach of the enemy. The British left the following day, and later took up winter quarters near Baltimore.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Twenty thousand illustrated post cards pass through the Brussels post office daily.

It costs the government of British India about \$3.50 per square mile to protect the forests against fire.

The cares and responsibilities of a large family have been given by a Parisian socialist municipal councillor as his reasons for resigning his seat.

One consequence of the Belgian anti-gambling law is that even the game of lotto has been prohibited in the fishermen's public houses at Blankenberge, near Ostend.

Borosa Xolompar, a notorious Hungarian gypsy woman, who had acted as a receiver of stolen property nearly all her life, has just died at the age of 110.

A rich Chinaman at Wellington, New Zealand, has given \$50,000 to pay for the transportation to China of 6,000 bodies of Chinese who had not left enough money for sending their bodies home.

Prof. Nitti, of the University of Naples, estimates that the waterfalls of Italy are capable of producing electricity equal to 5,000,000 horse power. In the convenient distribution of this power Italy has an advantage over Hungary, Sweden and even Switzerland.

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